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THE JURY AGREED.

There was a lathy, long-eared young man of 23 hanging around the foot of Jefferson avenue yesterday with his mouth watering for a chance to talk with a policeman. When some one asked him if he had been robbed or assaulted he proudly replied:

"Not very much! I'm thinking of j'ining the force, and I want to ask a few questions."

"I don't know about your making a good officer," remarked an old bald-head who was leaning against a telegraph pole.

"Why don't you?"

"Well, there's something more than carrying a club around and answering questions from strangers. A policeman ought to know a rogue on sight."

"You bet he ought, and that's me every time!" replied the young man.

"Well, now, what do you say about that man over by the lamp post?"

"I say he's a suspicious-looking character."

"Yes, so he is. It would be your duty as an officer to question him and give him to understand that you were up to his racket."

"I know it."

"But there is where you would fail. Any one who has ever given any attention to physiognomy can see that you lack moral courage."

"I do, eh? Maybe I dasn't walk over there and ask him what he is hanging around for?"

"Of course not. The shape of your head—the set of your eyes—the coarse fibre of your hair proves that you are excessively cautious."

"Don't you holler afore you'er hurt, old chap!" grinned the candidate, and with that he walked straight across the street and up to the man and queried:

"Say, mister, what are you hanging around here for?"

"None of your business!" was the prompt reply.

"Then I'll make it my business! Who are you, sir?"

He did'nt hear the answer. A bunch of knuckles shot out and landed on his left eye and he had business on the pavement ten feet away. The suspicious character was a railroad baggage smasher off duty, and after the blow he rubbed his knuckles off on his vest and sauntered into the depot.

"Didn't I observe," said the bald-headed man as he helped the young man to his feet—"didn't I observe that you seemed lacking in some of the essentials?"

"You did, sir—you solemnly did," answered the young man as he felt all over his head to find the spot which ached the worst, "and I'll be gosh-hanged if the rest of the jury don't agree with you! Some one lead me to a seat on a salt barrel!"

THE COUNTRY PAPER.

There is one thing that strikes us as being most remarkable in the conduct of United States journalism, and that is the pith and strength of expression that runs throughout the so-called country press. It really is in the country press that thought finds the strongest expression. Occasionally a country editor betrays ignorance or carelessness of the rules of grammar; sometimes he gets a "little off" on the matter of propriety; but the country newspaper, like the country voter, has a larger force in shaping the destinies of the people for whom we journalists all write, than the whole so-called metropolitan press combined. Indeed, the facts lead to the following kind of a formulation of the uses of newspapers: The papers of the great cities supply current news in the mass, as it is their province to do; the country newspaper digests the news into the shape of practical and effective thought. The man of the country has time to think; he of the city has barely time to record, and if he attempt to make deductions, his time is so short and his opportunities so liable to be tinctured with bias, that he frequently comes to grief and has to eat his own words. It is in the cities that the doctrine has grown that a newspaper has neither conscience nor memory; such doctrine would ruin the most successful country newspaper in the union. The great dailies of the great cities are magnificent organizations for the collection of dissemination of news, but there their functions, except as to the manipulation of local, political and social affairs, cease. The country newspaper should be a vehicle of thought, and generally is so. The facts are spread before them by the great city dailies, and they control or guide public sentiment.—[American Journalist.

It has been discovered that the confectioner is the man who wants the earth—the white.

Turkish authorities are making a raid on high heels and thin veils. Of course this is a "she raid."

A new religious sect has arisen in England which worships Mother Eve. The daughters of Eve are worshiped by all sects.

Wequetequock is a town in Connecticut, but lock-jaw is carrying off its inhabitants so fast that the remainder will emigrate.

A medical journal asks: "Is the resection of the carcinomntous pylorous a justifiable operation?" After a little calm reflection, we have no hesitation in saying that it is, though we can't sometimes always tell.

FARMER WHITE.

You may talk of the joys of the farmer
An' envy his free, easy life,
You may sit at his bountiful table
An' praise his industrious wife.
Ef you chopped in the woods in the winter
Or follered the furrer all day
With a team of unruly young oxen
An' feet heavy loaded with clay;
Ef you held the old plow, I'm a thinkin'
You'd sing in a different way.

You may dream o' the golden-eyed daisies,
An' lillies that wear such a charm,
But it gives me a heap o' hard labor
To keep 'em from spiling my farm.
You may pictur the skies in their splendor,
The landscape so full o' repose,
But I never get time to look at 'em
Except when it rains or it snows.
You may sing o' the song birds o' summer;
I'll tend to the hawks an' the crows.

You may write o' the beauties o' natur',
An' dwell on the pleasures o' toil;
But the good things we hev on our table
All hev to be dug from the soil;
An' our beautiful bright golden butter,
Perhaps you never hev turned,
Makes a heap o' hard work for the wimmen,
It hez to be cheerfully churned;
An' the cheeses, so plump in the pantry,
All hev to be lifted and turned.

When I come from the hayfield in summer,
With stars gleamin' over my head,
When I milk by the light o' the lantern,
And wearily crawl into bed,
When I think o' the work o' the morrer,
And worry fur fear it might rain,
When I hear the loud clap of the thunder,
An' wife she begins to complain—
Then it seems as if life was a burden,
With nothing to hope for or gain.

—[Exchange.

BLIGHTED HOPES.

Like the leaf by sear frost blighted,
Like stern winter's sure decay,
Are the hopes in faith we planted,
Rooted up, and cast away.
Cast away upon life's ocean,
On the turbid sea of life,
Where so much of all that's sunshine
Perishes, 'mid din and strife.

Oh, for rest! how great the blessing!
Rest of body and of mind;
Rest that in a dreamless slumber
Those that travel sure shall find.
Rest the weary and faint-hearted,
Those who bleed with battle wound,
Find when wrapt in shrouding mantle,
Like a warrior 'neath the ground.

A STREET SINGER.

"Hark! A street singer. Poor creature; she comes round every evening just as the darkness sets in, and has done for these two weeks past. Sings always pretty much the same songs, too—that one above all, 'The Last Rose of Summer.' She wouldn't, perhaps, if she knew how bad it makes me feel to hear it."

The speaker laid his white head down upon his hands with a weary sigh, while his housekeeper, Mrs. Brown, busied in serving his tea, looked the surprise she was too discreet to utter.

"I'll send her away, sir, if you wish," she said presently, "or tell her to sing something livelier. She has a clear young voice. I've liked to listen to it myself, of late, and I fancied it might please you too."

Mr. Oakley looked up quickly.

"A young voice," he said, with peculiar and anxious emphasis. "It didn't strike me so; the voice of a woman of thirty, I thought; and sounding so strangely familiar, at times, that I felt almost inclined to call her in. Have you ever seen her?"

"Two or three times, sir. A mere girl—not over seventeen, anyhow; dark-eyed, and slight, and pale. I can tell her, if you wish, not to sing that song any more."

Mr. Oakley made a gesture of dissent.

"It's the voice far more than the song," he said, as if speaking to himself; "I cannot understand how any stranger's voice should be like her's."

"I'll tell you whose voice she reminds me of," he went on presently, "if you care to listen; I feel to-night as if I must speak of a sorrow that has been shut up in my heart these eighteen years.

"I had a daughter eighteen years ago—a bright young thing of sixteen, who filled my life with sunshine. I can't describe to you how beautiful she was with her eyes as blue as wood violets, and her hair like living gold. Her mother died while she was still a child, and I set my heart upon the little one.

"Naturally I was ambitious for her. Having large means, and moving in the best society, I was yet anxious to improve both for my girl. My object was to give her a large fortune, and to see her make a great and brilliant match.

"No pains were spared to educate her, no expense was grudged—I forced myself to endure her absence for two years, in order to give her the advantages that a school in Paris only can secure.

"Among other good gifts she displayed an extraordinary aptitude for music, and careful training developed a voice that under other circumstances might have been to her a fortune.

"At sixteen she came home and was introduced into society, and, with her beauty and accomplishments created a perfect *furor*.

"Before long I saw a brilliant chance for the fulfillment of my hopes. An English nobleman, visiting Newport during the summer, fell in love with her, and offered her his hand.

"He was young, handsome, amiable, and an earl. I could not even conceive the possibility of Clara's refusal—what more in a lover could the heart of woman wish?

"And yet—she rejected him.

"It was a disappointment to me, of course. I tried to reason with her and persuade her to her own good. For all answer she clung to me with tears and demanded:

"'Was I so anxious to get rid of her?'

"What could I answer? The thought of parting with her was a bitter one. Apart from the consideration of her own welfare I would gladly have kept her with me always. So I abandoned my cherished desire and the earl—mortified and annoyed, went home without a bride.

"She showed no preference for any of her numerous admirers. Was rather quiet and grave, considering her youth, and not very fond of society. Music was her passion, and the song you poor street singer tunes so sweetly was her favorite song. I had never seen her approach so near enthusiasm and delight as she did when her singing-master—who had trained her voice in Paris, arrived at Newport one morning, and she introduced him to me."

"She recommended her singing lessons eagerly—I made no objection, though I really thought she sang quite well enough for any lady in private circles of society.

"As the summer waned, I began to fancy that its sultry heat had told somewhat upon her health and strength. She became languid, and a trifle dispirited and pale.

"One morning, as she and I were taking a carriage ride alone—our common custom—suddenly she fainted.

"I was considerably alarmed. Fortunately, however, we were in the vicinity of a hotel, to which I conveyed her, engaging rooms for the day, and sending for the nearest doctor.

"He came at once. A young man and recently established, and a comparative stranger in the place. He knew neither Clara nor myself.

"The death-like swoon still held her. He examined her with skillful and understanding hands and eyes. Then suddenly turning to me:

"'Are you the lady's husband, sir?' he asked.

"It would be impossible to describe the shock that his words gave me. I didn't know exactly why, but it was so startling.

"'Her husband?' I cried with an unreasonable feeling of annovance.

"'Good God, sir, no! I am her father. She is not married!'

"He had been bending over her, but he rose with a most singular look, a look of absolute dismay.

"'Not married!' he repeated, and stood like a man benumbed. 'Not married. Are you quite sure?'

"I stared at him in a perfect stupor of surprise. Was the man mad to ask such a question of my own daughter?

"Before I could speak, however, the restoratives began to act. Clara stirred slightly, breathed, moaned, feebly utta word. What was that word! I bent my ear to catch it.

"'Juan, husband!'

"Her dress was undone and disarranged, and a black ribbon, which I had often seen around her neck, became displaced.

"At the end of it was a tiny, silken bag, which fell from its concealment in her bosom. I snatched it and tore it open. It contained a marriage certificate and a ring.

"The child of my love, the hope of my heart, the trust of my life had betrayed me. She had been married in France, nearly six months before, to her singing-master.

"While I stood with the proofs of her deceit in my hands, her consciousness came back. She saw that her miserable secret was known, and, springing from the bed with a cry of despair, fell upon the floor at my feet.

"But I shook her clinging hands from off my knees, and went out and left her weeping there, and never saw her more.

"I sent her husband word of where she was, and I sent her clothes and jewels—all her belongings—to his address.

"Then I left the country and traveled in Europe for ten years.

"Bye-and-bye my heart began to soften toward her. She had been so young—only sixteen—and love is a strong passion.

"I began to wish I had not been so harsh with her. When it got to that with me I came home and tried earnestly to find her.

"But all in vain. I gave it up at last, and for years past have thought of her as dead. Only, each evening, for two weeks past, that singer's voice has called her from the grave.

"Hark! there it is again, so sweet, so clear, and singing Clara's favorite song! A girl, did you say? Poor child! she sounds quite close at hand. I have a mind to call her in and give her something for poor, lost Clara's sake."

The housekeeper had taken him at his word. Almost before he knew it the window was flung wide, and the singer had been summoned to his presence.

A tall, fair girl, with wan, white cheeks, and great, dark eyes, and the singular contrast to them of golden hair; a beautiful girl, without doubt, if early sorrow had not chilled, and cruel poverty pinched her.

She glanced timidly and shrinkingly around the room, and bowed with simple grace to its occupants. Badly dressed, friendless, poor, a mere "street singer," but a lady through it all.

Any one looking at her curiously as she stood there, would have said:

"There is a history here!"

Mr. Oakley thought so.

"What is your name, my child?" he asked, when she was seated. "Your singing interests me, and I would aid you, if I could, to use it to better advantage. May I know your history?"

She smiled sadly.

"It is a very ordinary one, sir; quite of every day. A history of struggling against sickness, and poverty, and despair.

"I am a musician's daughter. My father was a fine singer and a good man, but he made one great error. He married for love, and secretly, a rich man's daughter, who had been his pupil, and whose father never forgave. That ruined him.

"He lost patronage and pupils, lost heart, lost health, lost everything. Everything, that is, except my mother.

"She set her grief aside (her grief for my cruel grandfather, I mean) and set to work to help him.

"She earned money by singing on the stage, poor mother! and so they struggled on.

"I had five little brothers, sir, all but one of whom have died, so you may guess at our griefs and struggles.

"Little Frank is lying sick now and that is why I sing: for mother has to stay and nurse him, and father has so poor a place—in a school, sir—that we are short of necessaries, even let alone medicines and wine. I can earn that much for him at least."

Mr. Oakley had risen to his feet, trembling; he came to her and gazed into her face.

"They are Juan Corelli's eyes," he cried, "and it is Clara's hair. Oh, child, your name, your name?"

"Alfrida Corelli," she answered in surprise. "My cruel grandfather's name was Alfred."

He opened wide his arms to her.

"I am that cruel grandfather, my child. Oh, I deserve the name. Forgive me, Alfrida, forgive me."

She came to him, timidly still.

"You, my grandfather! Oh, forgive me if my words were unkind—you must have suffered, too. But we shall all be happy now. Oh! how mother will rejoice."

And not her mother only. There was nothing but joy in Alfred Oakley's splendid home when the lost one and her family came back again, Juan and all; for Clara's husband, like Clara's self, must be forgiven. And Alfrida is heiress to-day in the very house which first she entered as a poor street singer.

PROMINENT MEN.

Gambetta's son is to be educated at the Sandhurst Military School in England.

General Steedman left a wife and five children without any provision. A fund for their relief has been started.

The Fort Worth *Gazette* says that "Arthur and Ochiltree" is a presidential ticket that would take second money.

A Buffalo man has gone mad from contemplating the "awfulness of space." He was formerly night editor of a blanket sheet.

The next Ohio legislature will contain forty lawyers. The Journals will be printed under the head of "Ala Baba Ohio and the Forty Lawyers."

Don Piatt is building a $10,000 Catholic church at Mac-a-Cheek near his country home. This is a pretty heavy penalty to pay for a few years in journalism.

Clara Morris played to a $2,000 house in Indianapolis the other evening. The like was never seen in the place before. Managers consider $300 big receipts for Indianapolis.

Josephus Howard discovers that Patti has faded since she was twenty years old. Having faded and grown bald himself, Joe has turned into a sort of "bear" in the beauty market.

Mr. Sargent, the American minister to Berlin, is now able to smoke in German with great fluency. It will next be in order to send some of our statesmen to London to learn English.

Kaiser Wilhelm is said to have a weakness for ballet girls. "Being a man of eighty odd years," says the Boston *Post*, "he doubtless feels that he should seek associates of his own age."

Sullivan, the pugilist, spends his money, it is said, as fast as he earns it, and frequently is so hard up that he pawns his watch for a temporary loan with which to conclude a spree; instead of going to the ant the slugger sometimes goes to the uncle.

Signor De Vivo telegraphs to the *World* from Albany to say that his views in regard to Signor Campanini have been misquoted. He says that Campanini is a great artist, but his voice is impaired by hoarseness—not cracked Please note the amendment.

Alice Oates, once a famous burlesque and opera-bouffe actress, is about to take on a fourth husband. The last victim is H. W. Corbett, the manager of the Aurora (Ill.) Grand Opera-House. Alice is quite fat now and her voice resembles that of an auctioneer in cold weather.

"Gath," in a recent letter, credits the authorship of the "Heptameron" to the mother of Henry IV., of France. It has been generally understood that this volume was compiled by Marguerite of Navarre, a sister of Francis I. Possibly "Gath" has had influence enough to change the record.

The question of the hour in the Orient is whether French heels are to be introduced or run out of China.